

**This is a poem written by my goddaughter when she was 13**

**Fox Hunt by Molly Liddle aged 13**

My paws agilely leapt from log to log as the gaining hunt blared their trupets with sickening excitement. Lungs burning, I desperately clawed for the next moss-blanketed rock, but slipped. Pain exploded from my leg, as quickly as it came, leaving me pitifully immobilised. All ten of the hounds descended upon me, sinking their canines into my copper fur; this went on for what seemed forever. The pain was torture. I gazed up at the men and what I found in their eyes was not mercy, but glee. Or as they called it, the fun of the sport...